

SLAVE TRADE IN MORDOCO. Themsardeef Bage and Ofric Suid at From Fifty to Seventy Dollars Each.

The gentleman who furnishes the following totormetton is an old traveler in Morosco and is known as one of the best knows sorthorities on the internal policy of that barbarous country:

which arrived at Tendouf from Timbuctoe at the end of March last. It brought scarcely any merchandise, but there were four thousand slaves, prinsipally young girls and boys. So great no of slaves at Marakesh (Morocco City) that instead of holding the market twice a week, as is usual, it was held daily from April 25 to May 14, and the prices were comparatively low, ranging from ten pounds to fourteen pounds a head. During the feast of Ramadan the Kaids, who come Marakesh in order to present gifts to the sultan's son, who is the khalifa of his father, agreed that the most acceptable present would be some of these young slaves from Timbuetoo. There were forty-three Kaids, and each of them gave this young man, only eighyears of age, three slave and two slave boys — over hundred slaves in all! As the khalifa had a bad reputation for cruelty and other vices, it is not pleasant to think of the fate of these young captives. It is said that more han eight hundred slaves were sold at this market in ten days to merchants who had come from Riff. Taplat and other distant places to obtain a supply of human chattels and besides many were sold privately. I was myself the witness of a sad scene in this market, where three little negresses. from eight to ten years old, who had evidently come from a very distant part, as no one there could speak their flanguage, were ruthlessly parted from each other and sold to different owners amid tears, pitiful cries and such re-sistance as the poor little creatures could employ. Each hard to go off alone among strange people, not one of whom understood a word she said. I could give you many particulars which would ck you respecting the purchase of male and female slaves simply for the purpose of increasing the stock.

This is found to be very profitable, as the offspring of this connection are sarefully reared and fetch very high prices as presents to men in authority. you are aware, there are no banks in Morocco. Everyone who has money that he wishes do take care of burios it for the ground. It is necessary that no one should know where this tressure lies hidden. Therefore, incredible as it may seem, old and wern out slaves, male and female, are said to be employ ed to digs large bale to hide the wealth of their master, and the unfortunate Negro may simost be said to dig his own grave, as he never sees the light of ther sun. A oup of coffee, tea or some native drink contains the deadly poison so often administered in Morosco, where it must be remembered. London Times.

AN ANCIENT SCENE

At a Fashionable Dancer Given in the

Upon the three wooden couches which number than the Muses nor less than the Graces.

though one, whose white tunic bore the tiously, and so she earns a decent liv ferred the grown of ivy leaves. The conches whereon they reclined were of come." wood thickly incrusted with ivory, and right hands only. At the end of the the cast." course silent servants brought water in silver bowls and proffered linen nap- asked Lucy Felton. kins that the fingers might be washed. while another attendant wiped the low wooden table with a thick cloth.

In the open space before the table on thick." and the couches other slaves were castlittle pools upon the pale pavement. lilac ribbons and a bunch of violets. There the gladiators had been fighting but a moment before, to entertain the guests at the banquet; and having giv- low's name, Isabel." en strong proofs of their skill and of and were now behind the house, out of her. It will be such fun!" night, one trying to stanch his wounds, derper Magazina

Herrible Vengeance.

The peasants of the Russian village their vengeance on a suspected horse thief recently by setting fire to his dwelling during the night while he, his wife, mother and family of five children were within, and burning the stood around the hut, and when the inmates rushed out they were thrust back into the burning house with pitchforks and scythes. One of the women was murdered outright in the attempt to force her back into the fismes. The peasants gave themselves up to the Eussian police, and will most probably be imprisoned for a year and then ex-Bled to another part of the country.

"MOTHERS" FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY, Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886.-My wife used

MOTHER'S PRIEND before her third sonfinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars. DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bot-ile. Book "To Mothers" mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., FTLANTA, GF.

Mother, what makes the sunshine grow?" Mother, what makes the sunshine grow*'
My darling said one day,
As o'er the bills the heavenly glow
Came aspeding on its way.
Breaking the slumbers of the night.
Flooding the earth with golden light.
And clothing mountains, dome and spire
With the baptismal robe of fire

From a kind Father's hand, my love, The precions gift is poured In the vast treasure-b The clorious light is stored. It shines for us—it shines for all, In lowly set, or princely hall: And many a servow doth beguile, With the vare sweetness of its smile."

" If I could make the supehine grow. How happy I should be. No cruel blasts, no wintry woe. Our fair green earth should see All the long year should summor's reign Make giad the finds of ripering grain; All the long year should flowers blow. If I could make the sunshine grow."

God rules and guides the heavenly light With wisdom more than ours.
But we can make dark places bright,
And deserts bloom with flowers.
And cheerful heart, kind words and deeds, True sympathy for others' needs. Pure thoughts that from pure fountains flow These make the blossed sunshine grow."

—Inter Ocean.

A PRACTICAL JOKE .

It Taught Miss Isabel Islay Needed Lesson.

The pellow narciseus was in bloom in the neat little yard that fronted the village post office, the maple trees had dropped their red stars long ago, and here and there one found pink clusters of honeysweet trailing arbutus in the

Isabel Islam had a hunch in the front of her jacket as she sauntered up to see if there were any letters for her.

A little group of men and women had gathered there for the same purpose. The women eved Isabel and wondered how it was that her dresses always fitted her so stylishly; the men looked admiringly at her big blue eyes and rosy complexion.

Two or three other mill girls joined Isabel: they laughed and talked gayly as the spectacled old postmaster sorted the mail.

At last the unpainted pine partition slid back, the spectacles appeared in the aperture, and the postmaster cried briskly:

"Naow, then, who wants their mail?" Isabel stepped forward. "Anything for me, Mr. Rider?" she

"Islay, Miss I, Isabel Islay, Miss Isabed Islay?" read out the eld man. "Three for you. Who next?"

"Isubel got all the letters!" giggled the mill girls, as Isabel received treasures. "She might divide with us. Here comes Miss Seaman. Now for

A pallid, pinched, old young lady here advanced with a smirk on her countenance, wearing a faded shawk whose folds scarcely covered the flat basket she carried.

"Anything for me, Mr. Postmaster?" she demanded, with ill assumed indifference.

"No, mum," carelessly answered the "Are you sure?"

"Yes, mum." A blank expression erept over her

"O, but it really doesn't signify. I thought I'd just inquire, as I chanced

to be passing."

Then she withdrew amid the very audible laugh of the mill girls.

"There ain's a mail comes in but Miss Genny Seaman's here a-watchin' for it," said the postmaster, oracularly, "And she never gets a letter-not so much as a postal card. I should think she'd get tired of coming."

"Miss Genevieve Seaman," said the formed three sides of a square in the careworn woman of the house where center of a room there reclined nine the girls boarded. "O, that all hap-Romans-for the giver of the feast had pened years ago! She had a beau or borne in mind the saying of Varro that something and he went away-nobody those invited should never be more in just knew where. Reckon she didn't know herself. And it sort of upset her brain and she ain't fairly been herself The guests were wreams of roses up since. She's a very good dressmaker on their oiled locks, most of them, al. and she trims a bonnet quite scrumpsingle dark stripe of a senator had pre- ing. But she's been expecting a letter these twenty odd years and it's never

"Girls," said Isabel Islav, as they sat made easier by many cushions covered at the round table that evening, laughwith light silks. The guests leaned on ing and talking. "let's write a letter to their left elbows, and ate with their that poor old thing from her lover in

"Was be really ber lover, Isabel?"

"Well, from the man she imagined to be her lover. Let's make it fervent as fire and sweet as sugar. Let's lay it

"In short, let's play a joke on Miss ing down saffron-dyed sawdust, that it Genny Seaman," said Mary Crane, who might absorb the blood which lay in was retrimming an old straw hat with

> "Just that," said Isabel. "But you don't know even the fel-

"I can find that out Mrs. Webb their courage, they had been dismissed, knows, and I can easily coax it out of

It was morning-a blue skyed, breezy the other stiff in death and carried by day, with the air full of growing scents his comrades. Brander Matthews, in and blue-bird whistles-and soon after , the cumbrous old four-horse stage had crashed through the village the usual crowd began to assemble in the little post office. Isabel Islay was there, and Lucy Felton and black-eyed Mary of Jagodziata, in Lithuania, wreaked Crane, and presently Miss Genevieve Seaman, tripping in with the peculiar gate which the irreverent village children compared to a cat walking upon

walunt shells. whole family to death. The peasants man, scrutinizing each letter with pro-"Two for Miss Islay," said the old voking slowness. 'One for Squire Zurubbable Jenkins; one for Widder Hopper, and one for Miss Genevieve-Seaman"

Isabel flashed a merry glance at her companions as the poor little dressmaker tiptoed up to the counter, her color changing from saffron to scarlet, her faded blue eyes full of intent

"Is it true? A letter for me-me And I've waited for it all these years! All-these-years!"

She hid it under her shawl, cast a de Sant look around at the neighbors' faces, and burried away like a startled wild animal to its cover. She could not open that letter with other eyes upon her. She felt that she must treasure it to berself, like one who has

discovered a precious jewel. On her way home from the mill that evening Isabel Islay stopped at the little house where the tin sign: "Millinery and Dressmaking," swung creaking in the wind. The window bilinds were fastened back, the parlor was opened and dusted. Miss Geneyiere was moving to and fro in her

MAKING THE SUNSHINE GROW, best India sifk gown, with a nowe pinned fantastically in her hair. A round red spot glowed on each excitement as she laid down her spec-

> "Can you press over my leghorn hat, Miss Seaman?" asked the beauty. "Oh, my dear, I'm afraid not!" said

the little woman, with a hysterical My dear, he has loved Her eves shone, her twenty years."

She laughed again, but her eves were had done. The joke did not seem half so tocose as it had at first, since poor Miss Genevieve accepted it in such dead

She took adventage of the entrance of a customer to slip out of the little "Girls." said she to her consnirators

we must tell her that it is only a "Tell her!" echoed Lucy Felton. "What for? She'll find it out soon enough. She needn't have been such a

silly, anyhow?" "It will kill ber!" pleaded Isabel. "No it won't. People don't die se

eastly," laughed Lucy. "Heard the news about Miss Genny Seaman?" said Mrs. Webb at the boarding-house breakfast table the next morning as she poured the coffee and helped the eggs and bacon around. Isabel looked guiltily up.

"No," said she. "What is it?" "Found dead in her cheer," said Mrs Webb. "A emilin' as happy as a child. Some heart trouble, the doctor says." Isabel drew a long breath. So she had died and never knew how equally she had been deceived. She drew Mary Crape and Miss Felton aside.

"Girls," said she, "you must never breathe a svilable of this to saybody. Let the secret die with this poor little "But she died happy at last," said

Mary, with the tears running down her cheeks, "believing that her old sweeteart was coming back to her." "Yes, but that doesn't justify

oruelty," whispered Isabel. And then and there the three girls entered into a compact of secreey.

corner of the village cemetery, and on the very day of the funeral Isabel Islay along the street, scanning the houses with keen, troubled eyes.

Miss Seaman lives-Miss Genevieve Seaman?" Isabel started.

Miss Seaman was buried this mornshe a friend of yours?"

They had stopped opposite the little hearse were yet visible. The sign "Milliner and Dressmaker" vet creaked behind the low eaves, and Miss Genny's begging to be let in.

"A friend!" repeated the stranger, as from his pocket. "See, here is her I was happy in knowing that youth, picture! I've waited all these years to like old age, had on this day its honor dead!

heavens! had Genevieve Seaman looked | pet colt and buggy. oled and smiling as that? And the thought flashed across her Town liall was thrown by old Jemmy mind that it was well that Capt. Glea- Grant, the lame cobbier, whom I had son had not been undeceived. "Yes," she repeated softly, "she is dead." "And were you her friend?"

"Yes, I was her friend-at least as much as anyone here." falteringly owned Isabel, feeling like an impostor. "Then perhaps you can tell me something of her. I wanted to surprise her

His voice was choked, he turned his face away.

Isabel told him, in a low, sweet voice. all that she could-all that was good and cheering and hopeful-and Capt. breast

can grieve forever. Moss grows over of direction and advice.

glad I wrote the letter that made her happy," thought Isabel. "And Edward nervous, and the politicians rushed beautiful! But I never, never will play | denly ran up to me. another practical joke "-Helen Hurst, in Kansas City Times.

Large Nati-Making Machine.

The largest wire-pail machine ever bridge." built in the United States was finished state of Washington. The total weight length can, however, be manufactured take an easy jog trotby simply adjusting the feed.-House Furnishing Review.

Honrding a Pleasure. Little Ethel-Why don't you get a pair of mittens for your dollie? Little Dot-Tause then I can't pretend it's cold that makes her fingers

stiff. - Good News. SOMETHING NEW ON POOT.



VANDERSON'S VOTE.

cheek; her bony fingers trembled with A Boy's Experience as a Country Politician

It had been a hot political campaign. All over the state brass bands were playing, cannon were firing, illumina tions were glaring and four hundred laugh. "Haven't you heard? I-I'm and twenty-seven stump speakers were to be married very soon! Capt. Ed- delivering every night four hundred ward Glesson-you may perhaps have and twenty-seven addresses. The harheard of him-he used to be a resident ungues were at once "ringing, electriof Milltown-he has made a fortune, it fying masterpieces of eloquence,"-to seems, in New York, and he is coming quote the reporters who agreed with back almost directly to-to claim an their sentiment-and "tissues of drivold promise I made him twenty years eling mendacity,"-to quote the reporters who did not agree. The four hundred and twenty-seven mass meet roice faltered with the ocstasy of her ings were each "a grand outpouring of soul. "And to-morrow he is coming an aroused people," or "a small, spirback to me. Oh, Miss Islay, it seems itless gathering of disheartened demagogues"-quoting as before.

In almost every town rival compa full of tears. Isabel moved uneasily: nies of "Jones Guards," "Smith Ranshe was almost frightened at what she gers" and "Thompson Continentals. arrayed in uniforms that did not fit. and carrying torches that dripped with oil, scuffied through dust, splashed through mud, and bespattered themselves with kerosene.

They raised flags, serenaded candiguished statesmen from nowhere in particular to everywhere in general, and back sonin.

Then the newspapers! How they "nailed lies," "exposed conspiracies," "tore off masks" and "held up to public execration," proving "irrefutably" that their own side had, and would have, all the virtue and victory, and the other all the vice and vanquish ment!

Our village of New Nicopolis had every requisite for a lively canvasatwo halls, two newspapers, two bands and two aspirants for every office. Moreover the town was so evenly divided politically that no candidate could reasonably expect a majority of more than three or four votes. As the struggle drew near its end,

men became so excited and enthusiastie that business was almost at a standstill. No one thought or dreamed of anything but politics. The men spent more time at the taverns than in their shops, and hammered harder on grocery counters than they did on their anvils. The women were divided into two classes-those who quarreled every time they met, and those who wouldn't speak to each other at all.

Of course we boys imitated our eld-We attended every meeting, CT 5. marched in every procession, and got up meetings and processions of our own in our patriotic ardor. We en-Miss Genevieve was buried in a shady gaged in ceaseless discussions which were none the less hot and intolerant, because, as a general thing, neither of met a tall, bearded stranger walking the disputants had the slightest idea of what he was talking about

Going out on the streets alone was "Can you tell me," said he, "where like taking a little promenade on Hounslow Heath in the old days of highwaymen; and on the evenings of opposition mass meetings my return from the post office was often in imitaing," said she. "Oh, I'm so sorry! Was tion of the British retreat from Concord.

Now election day was here. We were gate where the wheel tracks of the assured that victory was in the air, and about to perch upon our banner. Victory seemed to be regarded as a in the wind, the red sun was sinking bird of some kind, but whether it would turn out an engle or a crowcat rubbed itself against the door sill as eagle for the winners, crow for the losers-no one covid tell.

if my participation in the campaign drew an old-fashioned miniature had hitherto been merely sympathetic, make a home for her and now-she is and its toil. Though I could not vote myself. I could bring indifferent or dis-Isabel looked at the picture. Good abled citizens to the polls with my own

The first ballot put into the box at dragged out of his stall at seven o'clock in the morning, that he might do his whole duty as a free American -and to keep Fred Crandall from getting at him first. Fred was active for the hostile camp, and if his slow-paced family horse could not make as many trips as my Knox three-year-old, yet he brought three times as much freight when he did come, being provided with a two-seated beach wagon, while my buggy had room for but one passenger.

Fred was a boy of the most irritating audneity and enterprise, and he Gleason went back to the village hotel, possessed, moreover, the advantage of walking with his hands behind his knowing nearly every voter by sight and back, and his head drooping on his each man's political opinions by heart. Consequently he just no time in asking For the time he truly mourned the for information where to go or whom sweetheart of his youth, but no one to bring, while I required a great deal

the fallen tree; violets bloom over the All day long the contest went on, new made grave. Poor Miss Genevieve, until, late in the afternoon, there was was dead and buried, and when the scarcely a man in the whole town of next summer blossomed over the land New Nicopolis who had not voted; but Capt. Gleason was married to Isabel as ballots became fewer the anxiety inereased, for the eneck books showed "If death was really so near her, I'm almost an equality between the parties Even my father began to grow

will always think of her as young and about like lunatics. One of them sud-"Here, Charley!" exclaimed he Drive out on the north road as fast as

you can go, and bring in Vandersonat the red house next beyond the

I whirled my horse around without recently by a Greenpoint (L. I.) firm and waiting for more. The rest of whatshipped to a nail concern at Everett, ever the politician had to say was lost in the rattling of the wheels as I dashed of the machine was twenty and a half down the road at twelve miles an hour; tons and it is capable of making nails but the colt had gone too far and too weighing half a pound each at the rate fast that day to keep up such a gait, of one a second. Nails of any desired and I soon reluctantly allowed him to

Fred Crapdail suddenly dashed by with a fresh steed, which I recognized as Dr. Parker's new roadster. Things must be at a desperate pass indeed if the doctor was willing to commit his best horse to such a hard-driving Jehu

Fretting was of no use, though, and I watched him disappear over the next bill with more or less resignation. It was a long road to Vanderson's, and I had still half a mile to go when

Fred appeared as suddenly as before around a turn just shead. He had no one with him, and his countenance indicated the greatest disappointment. He pulled up as we met, and called

"Where are you going, Charley?" I simply smiled, having no intention were tiff.-Truth. of betraying my plans.

"Well don't tell if you don't want to," continued be, "but I know. You're going to Vanderson's." "What then?" I inquired

"Nothing, only your man isn't at ome. You might as well save yourself the trouble of going any farther." Now this struck me as suspicious. I did not precisely think Fred was tell-

BEDDING!

SALVE



ing a falsehood, but my brief experience of politics had inclined me to distrust everything an opponent might say. So I resolved to find out for myself, and told Fred as much. "All right for you. Charley," replied

he, driving on offended. "Go shead and see what you'll make of it."

I reached Vanderson's comfortablelooking farmhouse almost certain of proving Fred right and myself wrong by finding no one there. To my extreme surprise I saw an elderly man near the stable, hard at work oiling a

"Mr. Vanderson?" I inquired. "The same," he replied, hardly look-

I caught my breath. Fred had told me a lie, after all. I am glad to be able to say that I wish I had believed "I went you to come to town with

He looked at me, quizzically. "Want me to vote, ch?" "Yes, that's it. How did you know? "Oh! there was another young man

here awhile ago, who wanted the same thing. Master Fred had been trying to steal my man, had he? I no longer re gretted anything, but solemnly resolved that Vanderson should go to the polls if I had to carry him on my back "He laid down on me pretty consid" ble hard, but I told him it warn't no

things to do." "It won't take you an hour, Mr. Vanderson. The election's awfully close, and we need every vote we can get," I

son's gone away and there's slathers

pleaded. "Do, ch? Well, ye can't have mine young sir," suswered he, looking extremely obstinate. 'Fustly, this wag-

"I'll help you on that?" exclaimed I. jumping from the buggy and grasping the oil can. "Secondly, the stove's to black," he

continued, giving up the ciling to me without protest. "I'll do that, too." "Thirdly, the ashes is to sift for

mulching the apple trees." "And that, too," I persisted, wonder ing how it happened that all his jobs should be either dirty or dusty. He began to show signs of violding. "If ye can git through in time, p'r'aps

I'll go with ye, young sir." My oiling of that wagon must have been a rare sight, and my blacking of that stove a rarer. By the time I be gan to sift the ashes my face and clothes were oil where they were not all stove polish. The ashes combined with the other substances and the perspiration arising from my exertions formed a remarkable complexion pow

Meanwhile old Mr. Venderson lighted pipe, seated himself comfortably to windward of my whirling ash dust and talked on about his farm, family, friends and foes until I thought he would drive me distracted. Then he began to ask me questions about the studies at school, and, finding astronomy to be one of them, immediately brought out his hobby-a theory that the moon is inhabited.

Upon this he argued to such an unbearable degree that I heartily wished the moon were inhabited by Vanderson, vote or no vote. But I had put my hand to the ash sifter and I would not look back.

I finished the work, did three or four more little jobs which he pointed out, and at last, oily, dusty and tired, succeeded in getting fairly on the road to We drove up to the hall only just in

season. The crowd seemed in more suspense than ever and our arrival RESTLES to BOAVS. caused a great commotion. Some applauded, some cheered and some laughed-not a few hissed-and a ceneral rush was made into the building. As I hurried my companion through

the throng I caught sight of Fred, who stood staring at us with a queer mixture of conflicting expressions. With a triumphant giance at him I pressed up to the box, in which, scarcely a second before the clock struck the hour of Vanderson calmly placed a ciosing. Vanderson calmly placed a LTAL CUFAM. straight ballot which carried the election by one vote for-the opposite

Such a yell as went up! Nothing saved me from being moubed by my friends except that the other side sorrounded me in a dense mass to proffer their sincere though bitterly ironical congratulations. And Fred was the loudest of them all.

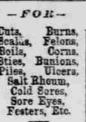
"Didn't I tell you, didn't I tell you?" he kept shouting. "The son who had gone away was your man. Old Mr. Vanderson's never voted anything but our ticket for the last forty-five years!"

"Sartain true, young sir!" said the old man, grinning. "Ye never asked me about my views, as I tok it fur granted ye was one of us. But if ye ain't much of a canvasser ye're a master hand to work. If we'll come out tomorrow we'll continue our agryment consairning the inhabberterbilly of the moon, an' I'll har s'more ashes for

crowd, and rushed home like a wild boy. Father subsequently found me buried in the haymow up to my neck, crying with rage. "There, there, sonny, never mind

never mind," said be, soothingly. "If you aren't exactly out out for a politician no more is your father, either; and it's a great relief to me that I haven't got to go to the legislature!" But if I had only believed Fred, or if I had asked old Mr. Vanderson a few questions-or if, or if, or if!-- Manley H. Pike, in Youth's Companion.

A Hopeful Case. Dottie-Has he proposed? Tottle-No: but we've just had a se



kept on a table at hand, where one can

pick them up at any leisure moment without going to the library shelves. Swill find Tutt's Pills the mo There should be no other ornaments on such a table but the books themselves, 🔞 🙆 😂 🕲 🚳 🚳 🚳 in their bright, cheery colors. The ta ble should be large enough to accommodate a reading-lamp. It is a great mistake to use a small table for this purpose. Center tables are no longer fashionable adjuncts of the parlor, but in the family sitting-room it is far more convenient to have a large reading table in the centre of the room than saywhere else. There is more room for it there and more opportunity for every one to gather around it. The old-fashioned book-hold is one of the most convenient rests for new books, because the titles are readily discerned, and the desired volume may be nicked out at a glance. The last number of the various magazines, the newspapers and other periodicals that the family take

be put away. - N. Y. Tribune. Put Rim in Monraine. "Dasher had his name presented to the club just before his wife died. Did

of any paper arrives, the old-one should

they notice her death in any way?" Twiggs-Oh, yes; they black-balled me, if you please," I continued, after a her husband.-N. Y. Journal. Saving and Spending

> Carl-Papa gave me a whole dollar to-day to save. Dick-Well, my papa gave me ten cents to spend, and that's better still -Harper's Young People.

As a test of endurance on a bicycle W. J. Morgan has a record of 234 miles without a dismount, accomplished at Minneapolis, Minn., December 20, 1886. Another difficult task on the wheel was the riding of 867 miles without sleep by G. P. Mills, October s to 8, 1891.

-Reflected Giory .- "Who is that little man talking to all those people crowding about him? He's been attracting no end of attention to-night." 'Why, haven't you heard of Jinkins, the great explorer, just returned from his expedition into the very heart of Bungaboo, where he had the most "Certainly; thrilling experiences?" and you don't tell me that's Jinkins!" "Oh, no! Jinkins isn't here. That's Filkins who claims he used to go to the same school with Jinkins."-Puck.

-A bell-boy at the Great Northern does not believe in going beyond his literal instructions. A guest rushed to
the cashier's desk. He had just ten and recembles somewhat the barbarry minutes in which to pay his bill, reach the depot and board his train. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I've forgotten something. Here, boy, run up to my room, B 48, and see if I have left my toothbrush and sponge, Hurry! I've only five minutes now?" hurried. He returned in four minutes, out of breath. "Yes, sir," he panted, "you left them there."-Chicago Mail.

MOTHING LIKE DEED

"My blood was budly poisoned but year, which got my whole synthm out of order-chemsed and a constant sources of suffering, no appendix not me enjoyment of life. Two buttles of brought me right out. There is no better remedy for blood diseases.

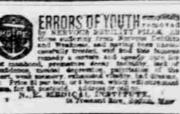
"Jean GAVIN, Darten, Chio."

Treatise on blood and skin diseases malled free SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.









A great deal more enjoyment can be 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 obtained from books if all the recent of und Stiny Pilison volumes that have not been read are

> LARGEST OF KNOWN WAVES. Caused by Earthquakes at Sea and Sometimes Bising Sixty Feet in Height.

While we usually think of earth-

quakes as taking place on land, they, do occur with equal devastation in the count na which the explosion or breaking takes place is called the earthquake focus, and from it what are known as earthquake waves pass to the surface, says St. Nicholas. Take a basin full of water and dio a glass tube into it. Blow through the tube and you will see bubblea rising to the surface and circular waves possing out. The disturbance at the ottom of the basin corresponds with should be kept, each in its place, on the explosion or snapping of the crustthis table. As soon as a new nourber at the earthquaise focus, with the difference that instead of water waves the latter produces earth waves passing through the ground. When the city of Lisbon, Portugal, was destroyed, the earthquake took place in the bottom of the sea, fifty miles west of the city. Yet it so ogitated the water that a wave sixty feet high dashed over Lisbon, destroying it and its inhabitants in the space of six minutes. Another earth-quake, occurring just off the coust of Peru, made such a gigantic wave that a large ressel was thrown several miles inland. These are called carthonnies waves. They are the largest known waves and are caused by the heaving and rocking of the bed of the sea. in deep water such waves are not vary high, but their motion extends far down into the ocean. When they read shallower water, however, they heap up like a gignatic wall and. force more terrible than fire or sword they sweep on, bearing destruction with Hoge ships are tossed like straws for inland or minute their rula

with that of a harbor town.

A Natural Coriosity That Is Found to

A most remarkable tree which sween near Tuscarora, Nev., is described in the Popular Science News. The witch tree, as the superstitions Indians call it. grows to a height of six or seven feet, with a trank whose base is three times the size of an ordinary man's wrist.

sastern states. The truly wonderful characteristic of the tree is its luminosity, which is so

great that on the darkest night it can be picinly seen a mile away. A person standing near could read the finest print by its light. Its foliage is extransely rank, and its leaves resemble somewhat those of the aromatic havtree of California in shape, size and The luminous property is due to a gummy substance, which can be transferred to the hand by mibbing, together

with its phosphor escent light, while the light on the leaf disappears. The laminosity is thought to be due to a para-nitic growth. The indians will never approach it, even in daylight, with made superstitious was do they regard its mysterious light.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

M. W. LEVY, Pres. A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres

STATEMENT Of the Condition of the

Wichita National Bank Made to the Comptroller of Currency at the Close of Business,

Sept 30th, 1892. RESOURCES.

Loans and Disconts. . \$609,032,59 Bonds and Stocks... 36,532,22 U. S. Bonds 50,000.00 Real Estate 65,000.00 Due from U. S..... 2,250.00 Overdrafts 3,241.55 Cash and Exchange, 231,297.60

\$397,353.96 LIABILITIES. Capital\$250,000.00

Undivided Profits... 2,381.19 Circulation 45,000.00 Deposits..... 649,972.77 \$997,353,96

Sarplus 50,000.00

E. LOMBAND, Jr. President. W. H. Liverseiton,

Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashr.

State National Bank OF WICHITA, KAN.

DAVIDSON & CASE

DIRECTORN

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of Sedgwick County.

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Office and yards on Mosley are by tween Denglas are, and First at, all brusch yards at Union City, Okla homa City. El Reno and Mineo, Okla hema Territory.

"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."